

# Herald and Tribune.

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JONESBORO, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31, 1894.

\$1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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In the Jonesboro Inn is run by **HERBERT RUSSELL.**  
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Persons intending to build or make repairs will do well to call and see him, at the old stand, February, Tenn. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Correspondence solicited.  
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**The U. S. Gov't Reports**  
show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

## TURNEY MAY LOSE.

Mossback Rule in Tennessee in Danger This Year.

No Big Majority for Either Side--Republicans Stand a Show to Get Four Congressmen.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Oct. 23.—The political situation in Tennessee just at this juncture is a most interesting study. One of the most hotly contested campaigns in the history of the State is drawing to a close, and none but the uninformed and the rash would at this time undertake to predict the ultimate result with anything like accuracy and precision. There are too many and so diverse elements entering into the situation, so many factors that must be taken into account in any calculation that is made, that the whole subject revolves itself into a veritable Chinese puzzle, defying intelligent solution. Of course there are any number of sapient curbstones philosophers who can tell you exactly how it is all going to turn out, but they are universally of that class of blind and unreasoning partisans whose knowledge is in inverse ratio to their enthusiasm, and who never indulge in any cool and deliberate calculation of any kind. The astute and experienced campaign managers of either the Democratic or Republican party, while giving out the regulation prophecies of victory to inspire the rank and file, will tell you on the dead quiet, at their headquarters in this city, that you would better not put up much money on the result either way—that it is entirely too problematical to gamble on. In this correspondence, therefore, only the well known and admitted facts of the situation will be given, and everybody can draw whatever conclusion therefrom they may see fit.

In the first place the Democrats, with Gov. Peter Turney at their head, have been put on the defensive throughout the entire campaign. To say nothing of the open revolt in the Democratic party, precipitated by the course of affairs at Washington, there is a widespread and pronounced feeling of dissatisfaction among all parties in Tennessee with Gov. Turney's administration for the past two years. There are certain phases of that administration which no prudent business man, whatever his party affiliation, will undertake to defend for one moment. For illustration: In 1893, Gov. Turney issued \$600,000 of the bonds of the State for the purpose of building a penitentiary. This was done in the face of the fact that a Democratic Comptroller of the Treasury had there would be abundant revenues in the Treasury from regular sources to meet every requirement of the State, including the full amount necessary to build the penitentiary. But the Governor—for what reason nobody has ever been able to find out—gave Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York, \$12,000 commission and an additional amount of \$27,000 in the way of fictitious interest on the bonds for a year in order to place them on the market. This was done more than a year ago, and not a dollar of the money has ever been used by the State yet, the whole amount simply lying idle in the various banks where the Governor deposited it and costing the people \$27,000 per year interest. No man of ordinary business sagacity will undertake to defend such a ruinous policy as that. There is a deep seated prejudice in this State against the further issuance of bonds for even an urgent and legitimate purpose, but to issue them for absolutely no purpose, so far as can be seen, is a little more than the people are disposed to meekly submit to.

Gov. Turney was elected on the solemn and oft repeated promise to the people that he would reduce expenditures and cure the reckless extravagance of the preceding Buchanan administration. A comparative statement shows conclusively that Gov. Turney's administration has been the most needlessly and excessively extravagant for many years. Buchanan, who was considered a phenomenon in the way of wasting public revenues, could never have held a light to Gov. Turney in the fantastic accomplishment of "padding things red." Such a policy as he has pursued for the past two years would bankrupt the Bank of England in short order, and it is not reasonable to suppose that the Treasury of a Democratic State could stand it very long. The policy he has pursued is, however, perfectly consonant with the general character and reputation of the man. That character and reputation is impressively illustrated by a speech he made in the campaign of two years ago, in which he declared that when he died he wished that hallowed word, "Secession," to be engraved on his monument. He lives in the past, he is a relic of the old order of things, and is no more adapted to the position of Governor of a great State like Tennessee at the present time than an ox cart is suitable to carry the mail from Cincinnati to New York.

From the foregoing it is easily apparent that the Democracy is put to a serious disadvantage to start with; that it is heavily handicapped, not only by the record of the party at Washington, but by a most burdensome administration of affairs at home. Indeed, the Democratic party has been in bad odor in this State for many years, and it was only by the passage of the infamous election laws some ten years ago, by which fifty thousand Republican voters were wantonly disfranchised, that that party has been able to maintain its skeleton clutch upon the throat of the State. Let us see how that party stands, as shown in the figures of the election two years ago. Here are the figures in round numbers: Turney, Democrat, 126,000; Winstead, Republican, 100,000; Buchanan, Alliance, 32,000; East, Prohibition, 6,000.

From these figures it will be seen that Gov. Turney represents a minority of the aggregate vote by 12,000, notwithstanding the vast number of Republican voters who were turned away from the polls by a law that represents "the culminating atrocity" of Democratic outrages upon the freedom of elections in the South. While Gov. Turney was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court he rendered a decision sustaining the constitutionality of that law, and such a brazen travesty upon justice and common sense was that decision that it excited ridicule and contempt of even his own partisans.

There are 38,000 votes represented by Buchanan and East, which must be accounted for this year, since there is neither an Alliance nor a Prohibition candidate in the field. Where will that vote go? The Democrats would give a good deal for a satisfactory answer to that question just now, for the result of the election depends on it. As indicated at the outset, there is no definite and satisfactory way to answer the question at this time. The Populist candidate, A. L. Miles, is relying on getting the major portion of the Buchanan vote, especially in Middle and West Tennessee. In East Tennessee it is very generally conceded that the Buchanan vote, having come from the Republicans in the first place, will go to H. Clay Evans, the Republican candidate, this year. It is certain that not a solitary Buchanan vote will ever go to Turney under any circumstances, for the saints never despised original sin with more intensity than the old Alliance element in this State hates Peter Turney. Then the question arises, in what proportion will Miles and Evans divide the Buchanan vote? There's the rub. If we only knew that, we could tell now how the election will result. The Prohibition contingent will go almost solidly for Evans, for the Republican party in this State has always been friendly to temperance, while the Democrats have been the loyal allies of the liquor element. But the Buchanan vote—there comes the rub again. It would require a prophet to tell how that vote will go. The strongest sort of pressure is being brought to bear on Miles to induce him to withdraw from the race, and if he should do so, then it is all over but the shouting. The Populist leaders are strongly in favor of it, but Miles himself is disposed to be a little obstinate. Those in a position to know say that he will certainly withdraw in due time, but that is as yet problematical to a degree.

As to Turney, there is no well informed Democrat who claims that Turney will get his own vote of two years ago. The reasons for this have already been set out in this letter, and need not be repeated. There is an imminent and most gratifying probability that the Republicans will have four members in the Tennessee delegation to the Fifty Fourth Congress. In the First and Second Districts the Democrats are putting up no fight at all, while in the Third and Eighth the contest is exceedingly close, with the chances largely in favor of the Republicans. In the Third District, Snodgrass, the present Democratic member, is an ignorant and undisciplined man, who has incurred the disgust and contempt of the educated classes of his own party. He is opposed by Hon. Foster V. Brown, an eminent lawyer of Chattanooga, who, besides polling his full party strength, will receive a large element of the more advanced Democratic vote. In the Eighth District, Enloe was most ingloriously defeated two years ago, but was seated by a Democratic House in contemptuous defiance of all law, and the facts of the case. He is opposed this year by Hon. John E. McCall, of Lexington, and, as there will be no Democratic House to reverse the returns of the elections, Mr. Enloe's career as a statesman will be nipped in the bud on the 6th of November.

The next Legislature will elect a successor to Isham G. Harris in the U. S. Senate, and from the way "King Isham" is scouring the State it would seem that he considers his throne in danger. Harris has no home in this State, and has not had for years. He only comes here just preceding the meeting of the Legislature that is to elect his successor, goes over the State making what is known as the "wool hat" speech, which he has been making, without the slightest perceptible alteration, for forty years, and then when the Legislature meets he is on hand to see that his "loyal subjects" don't forget their duty in that little Senatorial matter; and that is the last that is seen of him in Tennessee for six more years. His home, when not in Washington, is in Texas, where he has a vast cattle ranch, and he has come to be known here as the "Sage of Eagle Cove," the place of his Texas residence. The czar of Russia, however, does not wield a more autocratic away than does Isham G. Harris in the Democracy of Tennessee. He has held public office continuously for forty seven years, and it is more than likely he will die in the harness. At least, no Democrat dare oppose him in any ambition he may have.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

**Must Not Applaud.**  
The righteous soul of the venerable and venomous Peter Turney is vexed sorely, in view of the fact that Judge O. P. Temple, in introducing Hon. H. Clay Evans at Staub's theater in Knoxville, mentioned the name of William G. Brownlow, and that it was received with applause. It was a very wicked thing for the old neighbors of Governor Brownlow, and their descendants to do, and as the Governor of the State and a candidate for re-election, Peter Turney doubtless considered it a part of his official duty to administer a stinging rebuke.

Why should not the people of Knoxville, and of Knox and surrounding counties, applaud when the name of William G. Brownlow is mentioned? Who was he and what was he, that he should be used by this venomous and venerable Governor as a raw head and bloody bones with which to frighten Democrats into the support of the Democratic candidate for Governor? Is it because as Turney alludes, Brownlow announced that "if a man was convicted of killing a rebel, he would meet him at the depot with a pardon in hand?" No, not for that, for that is a lie; Brownlow never said it. Brownlow's offense dates further back than that. Turney was in such hot haste to overthrow the union that he recruited a regiment for the Confederate army before Tennessee went through the form of secession. While he was doing this, Brownlow was fighting against secession with all the vigor and energy of which he was master. His course met with the disapproval of Peter Turney then, and he has never forgotten it. And now, although in his grave for these many years, this aged and venomous candidate for Governor of Tennessee thinks it something terribly wrong, for the people of Knoxville to applaud the name, and keep green the memory of William G. Brownlow.

It would have been impossible for the Republicans to furnish a reason so conclusive, why Gov. Turney should not be re-elected as he has furnished himself. A man who is so blind to the inducements and the opportunities of the present, and who gropes about in the darkness of the past, is not fit to be Governor of Tennessee. This is an age of progress and Governor Turney is a hard shelled bourbon, who learns nothing and can forget nothing. In the grand march of events that have rendered the third of a century memorable forever, he hugged an absurd dogma in 1861 and in 1891 he was still hugging it. And so intolerant was he then and now, that the grave furnishes no fortress against the vigor of his attacks. Impressed then with the theory that all the intelligence and the decency of the State was on his side, he thinks so yet, and the men who presume to be Republicans have no rights that patriots of the Turney school are bound to respect.

Having spent the greater portion of his life in public office, he thinks the chief end of man is to get and hold office, and he therefore looks upon Hon. H. Clay Evans, his Republican competitor, as an impostor and interloper, and attempts to sneer at him, as a "missionary" from another State who has come here to teach Tennesseeans what they should do. Never before in the history of Tennessee has any candidate for the office of Governor stooped so low in appealing to prejudice, as has Peter Turney this year, and never before has a candidate displayed such a low estimate of the intelligence of the people upon whose support he depends for the additional honors he so inordinately craves.—Knoxville Journal.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia, quickly. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome cough may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

"I don't see why the manager always comes to see me when he is drunk," growled the Circassian beauty. "He probably thinks you are a snake charmer," suggested the ossified man, who had been slightly by the beauty. —Detroit Free Press.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason, of Chilton, Carter Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

**The Voice of Bourbonism.**  
Thousands of persons in Tennessee respect Governor Turney, as an individual and Governor of a great American State. He has many sincere friends, and every one of them will regret that he was induced, and that he consented, to make the speech he made at Murfreesboro last Saturday. It was unworthy of him; such an undignified, unwarranted exhibition of spleen would be unworthy of any person, of his age especially, who could possibly be thought of as a possible Governor of a State. It demonstrates what has been charged before, that he is a bourbon of the bournons, to get away from whose self it is as impossible as for the leopard to outgrow his spots or the hyena from his appetite for foulness.

Twenty nine years ago the war for the preservation of the American Union ended, a war that was preceded, attended and followed by the exhibition of much fraternal strife in Tennessee. The people here were divided, some favoring secession from the Union of American States, some opposing it; some favoring a new flag and a new Government, others the old flag and the Government of the fathers. But time has healed scars, removed scars and restored harmony where discord reigned. A new generation has come, and family ties made and strengthened by the intermarriage of the children of those who were the Union blue with the children of those who were the Confederate gray. The strife of the eventful past has been almost forgotten in the bright sunshine of the propitious present.

But here comes an old man, who prides himself on being reckoned a moss covered relic of a bygone age, who deliberately and with premeditation, tears away the bandages, tears open the wounds, and for a purpose, exposes them again to the multitude. Why? For the reason that he wants to be re-elected again as the chief magistrate of the State of Tennessee. His estimate of the men whose suffrages he asks thus to honor him, is that they are governed in their actions, by blind, unreasonable prejudice.

In a public address delivered in Knoxville three years ago, Peter Turney declared that in 1861 he believed secession to be right, and that in 1891 he knew it to be right. He believes that that manifestation of bourbonism resulted in his election to the office he now holds, and he appeals again to the ghost of the bloody past, for the purpose of gaining votes this year.

It is not our purpose to characterize the performance, as we might with some other younger and stronger person as the leading man in the case. He is evidently in his dotage and senility is not a crime, though it may be premature. He had announced that he would make no speeches in this campaign, thus showing that he himself is aware of some of his weaknesses. But the Democratic campaign committee doubtless felt that the speeches of H. Clay Evans were telling upon the public mind and conscience and that something must be done. Knowing that their candidate for Governor had a penchant for things musty, they get around the poor old fellow and persuaded him to make this exhibition of himself, an exhibition that has brought pain to every tall, intelligent friend he has on earth, who heard or who has read his speech. If by a man's own words he can demonstrate anything, there can be no doubt of the unfitness of Peter Turney for the office of Governor of Tennessee.—Knoxville Journal.

**A Wonderful Conqueror.**  
No disease is more common among the people than scrofula. Handed down from generation to generation, it is found in nearly every family, in some form. It may make its appearance in dreadful running sores, in swelling in the neck, or goitre, or in eruptions of varied forms. Attacking the mucous membrane it may be known as catarrh, or developing in the lungs it may be, and often is, the prime cause of consumption. In whatever form scrofula may manifest itself, Hood's Sarsaparilla is its inveterate foe and conqueror. This medicine has such powerful alterative and vitalizing effects upon the blood that every trace of impurity is expelled, and the blood is made rich, pure and healthy.

**Thankful for His Country.**  
It seems to me that one of the main things for which Americans ought to be thankful is "our country," with its glorious heritage of liberty and wealth. I recall how proud we were of it in the days of my boyhood. The most precious of all the treasures of the world, liberty, was ours, and we exulted in the possession of it. The richest resources of the earth were ours, and we boasted of the ownership of them. We chanted the praises of our beautiful land, and our emotions were stirred as we beheld the flag of its majesty fluttering in the sunshine.

We boasted of our fertile soil, our mines of all the useful minerals and metals, our natural wealth of every kind, our forests, our prairies, our water courses, and our vast sweep of territory between the Atlantic and Pacific. We were proud beyond words of our resplendent country. We boasted of our Constitution, of our republican government, and of the franchises which belonged by right to every citizen. We boasted of our politics, and proudly proclaimed that every American was a sovereign. Where, in all the world, was there

ever a match for our country, great, prosperous, brave and free, ay, free? Its name, America. We gazed along the lines of the ages and saw our country growing ever freer and richer and stronger and happier, ever yet more and more the wonder of the world. How enchanting a vista. That country is yet here and bears its old name.

We had reason, and still have reason to be thankful for it. If the people of today are less exultant over it than we were in the old times, if terrible evils have taken root in it, if the spirit of the masses is uneasy, if political decay has set in, if hordes of working people have been reduced to poverty and live in misery, if capitalists and laborers are at enmity, there can be no better day than Thanksgiving to think of the cause of these things.

We are yet thankful for "our country."—From "What Have We to Give Thanks For?" From Demorest's Magazine for November.

## CHUCKY VALLEY.

As I do not see any news from this place in the columns of the Herald and Tribune I will give a few items. The farmers are sowing wheat as fast as they can while the weather is so nice and dry; some of them are gathering corn, sowing oats, etc. Mrs. N. V. Gammon has been visiting relatives and friends in Jonesboro for a week, returned Saturday. Miss Mabel Gammon is somewhat indisposed at this writing. We hope she will be out in a very short time. The Sunday School at Chucky Valley is flourishing; we have not such a large number of scholars, but all seem to be taking a great deal of interest in the work, consequently we have a very nice school. Several of the good citizens went up to Johnson City last Thursday to hear the Hon. Isham G. Harris speak; all seemed pleased with the speech. We need more such men to speak as they can tell the good farmers how he is being "mashed" by all the monopolies and trusts. Candidates are as thick as flies on a warm day in June, and all seem to think they will get there the sixth of November. We ought to throw off the old party yokes and vote for the man that will represent us and work the most to our interests. The wedding bells have been ringing in our valley this week. Jas. Taylor was married Thursday last to Miss Shoemaker, of Johnson City, and came down to see the groom's brother, Hon. A. A. Taylor, and spent a few days, then returned to Johnson City where they will make their future home. Last Monday Capt. Robert Brown was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Amanda T. Bayless, one of our most highly respected ladies in the valley; the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. M. Vines, of Johnson City. At 12 o'clock all were assembled in front of the house to see it well done, and at 12:30 the contracting parties walked out so all could see, and by a very nice little ceremony were made husband and wife. The bride wore a cream colored dress trimmed in crimson velvet with white flowers on her breast and hair, while the groom wore a black suit and a button hole bouquet of the choicest variety. We regret very much to lose Miss Amanda from our midst, but hope our loss will be his gain. After the ceremony all went out to a most elaborate and artistically arranged dinner; no one knew it was going to be a wedding until the day before, all thought it would be a birthday dinner of B. D. Bayless, and it was; he was seventy five years old on the day they were married. Mrs. W. L. Martin, who has been visiting her relatives and parents for some weeks, left for Bessemer, Alabama, last Saturday, accompanied by her brother, Chas. Deaderick; he will be gone until about the first of June, 1895. The young people of the vicinity are enjoying themselves now in having chestnut huntings and wind up with a social at night.

**Something in a Name.**  
A gentleman registered at a Sutter street boarding house one day recently under the name of Emory Vere de Vere. He had not been there three hours before a trusted porter had tested the weight of his luggage, and the landlady had demanded his rent in advance. The astonished and indignant man demanded the reason for his distrust, and the landlady frankly told him that his name was too high sounding to inspire trust. "Good heavens, madame!" he said, "it is the name I use in my correspondence. My true name is Perkins. See my letters?" And then the landlady smiled and said: "My dear sir, as a Perkins you are welcome to this house and trusted, but anything that, smacks of the British tourist short on his remittances can not get an attic room here."—San Francisco News Letter.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is hoarseness. This is followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

We now have on hand a full line of blanks for use of Magistrates, Justices, etc.  
**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,** Forty Years the Standard.

## Criticizing Our Millionaires.

It is high time that we in this country should cease pointing the finger of criticism at those whose worldly means are greater than ours, and heap upon them the spirit of malicious envy, writes Edward W. Bok in "At Home with the Editor" in November Ladies' Home Journal. We have reached that point where we even seek to criticize our millionaires when they buy yachts or give large social functions. During these depressing times I have constantly heard people complaining because Mr. Gould paid \$25,000 for a yacht; because Mr. Vanderbilt built two palaces costing him over five millions of dollars, or that Mrs. Astor gave a ball at a cost of \$10,000. Pray, why should they not? What helps the country at large more than these very expenditures? If these people hoarded up their money we should be far more justified in criticizing them. The more money that is out in circulation in this country the better it is for us all. Indirectly some of it comes to each of us. I remember being at a social function, the cost of which, I was told, exceeded \$20,000. Where did that money go? To the very people it should go. The wealthy hostess had the enjoyment of her money, but her tradespeople reaped the real benefit from it.

## What Prostrates Women.

It is almost impossible to name an age at which every woman is at her best, writes Rebecca Harding Davis in reply to the question, "At what age is a woman at her best?" in the November Ladies' Home Journal. If you examine, indeed, into the effect of a forced mental growth upon her body, you may write some. A witty French woman, who was here last winter, saw one side of that subject. "Ah, no," she sighed. "We women in Paris do not grapple with such grave studies as you in America. We do not cooperate; we have no tell the virtues. But," with a shrug, "neither have we nerve prostration." The only general assertion which one can safely make is that every woman is at her best in body and mind at the age when she is most fully occupied with her true work in the world, whether that be art, cookery, lecturing or child bearing, provided that she goes to it simply and humbly. It is not their work that prostrates the nerves of women or vulgarizes their natures. It is the incessant squabbling and posing and boasting about their work.

## Woman's Most Attractive Age.

The most attractive age of a woman's life is the period when she is still young enough to be pretty and old enough to be sympathetic, writes Octave Thanet in the November Ladies' Home Journal. For as grace is a woman's greatest beauty so sympathy is her greatest charm. A graceful and sympathetic woman is bound to be attractive to the end of her days. If she adds a taste in dress and some sense to her equipment for pleasing, and does not grow deaf, I see no reason why she should not be fascinating in her old age. Since the question, however, concerns itself only with the most attractive age of woman I must give the answer in my first sentence. What that age as measured by years may be, ought to vary with the individual.

## One Borrower Failed.

"How many things did the woman next door borrow today?" asked Mr. Figg. "Only the telephone," answered Mrs. Figg. "It was the first time she had ever used one, and I don't think I ever saw a woman more disappointed." "Couldn't she use it?" "Oh yes; she learned how to use it quickly enough, but what broke her heart was that it was fast to the wall. She had thought she could take it home with her to keep till we called for it." —Indianapolis Journal.

"Many of the citizens of Rainville, Indiana are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by F. E. Britton, druggist.

"My little niece here," said the young woman with the spectacles, "wishes me to inquire if there is a new version of 'Jack and the Beanstalk'." "I dare say there is," answered the facetious youth behind the book counter, affably. "In what language, now, would the little miss like to have the beanstalk?" "In the language of the Poles, I presume," rejoined the young woman, transfixing him with a cold stare. —Chicago Tribune.

Ladies make good wages quietly at home writing and working for me. If you can spare only two hours daily, it will pay you to investigate. Address, with stamped envelope, Miss Florence A. Stevens, St. Paul, Minn. Mention this paper.

Attention ladies—Do you want to earn \$25 a week at home? Easy work. Send ten cents in stamps for full particulars to Miss Florence A. Stevens, St. Paul, Minnesota.

**Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,** Most Perfect Made.